

The True *ENGLISH-BOYS* SONG,

VERNON's GLORY.

Occasioned by the Birth-Day of that *Brave Admiral*.

To be Sung round the Bonfires of *London* and *Westminster*.

To the Tune of, *Come let us prepare, &c.*

I.

YE *Westminster* Boys,
All sing and rejoice,
Your Friends in the House will not fail ye,
We'l the Soldiers indite,
And set Matters right,
In spight of that R—— the High Bailey.

II.

Let us raise our Bonfires,
As high as the Spires,
And ring ev'ry Bell in the Steeple;
All the Art we defy,
Of the whole M——y,
To run VERNON down with the People.

III.

Stand round, and appear,
All ye Hearts of Oak here,
And set the proud *Don* at defiance,
To VERNON let's drink,
Who made *Spain* and *France* stink,
And B—, who's with both in Alliance.

IV.

A true Lad wont flinch,
Now we're at this sad Pinch,
But *Old England*, on VERNON rely on,
For this honest Fellow,
Who took *Porto Bello*,
Shall find B— a Gibbet to die on.

V.

Stop not VERNON's Career,
Thro' Folly and Fear,
Least the *French*, or the *Spaniards* should beat ye;

Nor let *Gerardin*, o
Busy *Horace*, or *Keen*, o
Bamboozle you with a new Treaty.

VI.

This Time then be bold,
Be not bought and sold,
Nor let *Monsieur* with Tricks still seduce ye,
Like our Forefathers try,
Or to conquer or die,
E're *France* to a Province reduce ye.

VII.

H——n Troops are all sham,
The N——y damn,
The *Convention*, and ev'ry Vagary,
The Money they got,
All is now gone to pot,
And so is the Queen of *Hungary*.

VIII.

But send Ships and Food
To VERNON, that's Good,
For unless Heaven feed him with *Manna*,
His Designs they'll defeat,
For without Men and Meat,
How should he e're take the *Havanna*.

IX.

Besides let us send
A new Militant Friend,
To follow our *Cato* like *Juba*;
They then will agree
Both by Land and Sea,
And soon wou'd be Masters of *Cuba*.

F I N I S.